HYMNS

Hymnals
R

ON

GOD's Everlasting Love.

In Two PARTS.

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HYMNS, &c.

PART I.

HYMN I.

1 FATHER, whose *everlasting Love*
Thy only Son for Sinners gave,
Whose Grace to *All* did *freely* move,
And sent Him down a *World to save*:

2 Help us thy Mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathom'd, unconfin'd;
To praise the Lamb who *died for All*,
The *general Saviour of Mankind*.

3 Thy *undistinguishing Regard*
Was cast on *Adam's* fallen Race:
For All Thou hast in CHRIST prepar'd
Sufficient, sovereign, saving Grace.

4 JESUS hath said, we All *shall* hope:
Preventing Grace for All is free:
"And I, if I be lifted up,
"I will *draw all Men* unto Me."

5 What Soul those Drawings never knew?
With whom hath not thy Spirit strove?
We All *must* own that GOD is true,
We All *may* feel that GOD is Love.

6 O *all ye Ends of Earth* behold
The bleeding, all-atoning Lamb!
Look unto Him for Sinners sold,
Look and be *sav'd* thro' JESU's Name.

7 Behold the Lamb of GOD, who takes
The Sins of all the World away!
His Pity no Exception makes;
But All that *will* receive Him, *may*.

8 *A World* He suffer'd to redeem;
For *All* He hath th'Atonement made:
For those that *will not come* to Him
The Ransom of his Life was paid.

9 Their LORD unto *his own* He came;
His own were who *receiv'd Him not*,
Denied and trampled on his Name
And Blood, by which themselves were bought.

10 Who under Foot their Saviour trod,
Expos'd *afresh*, and *crucified*,
Who trampled on the Son of GOD,
For Them, for Them, their Saviour died.

11 For those who at the Judgment Day
On Him they pierc'd shall *look* with Pain;
The Lamb for every *Cast-away*,
For *every Soul of Man* was slain.

12 Why then, Thou Universal Love,
Should any of thy Grace despair?
To All, to All, thy Bowels move,
But straitned in our own we are.

13 'Tis *we*, the wretched Abjects *we*,
Our Blaſphemies on Thee tranſlate;
We think that Fury is in Thee,
Horribly think, that GOD is Hate.

14 "Thou haſt compell'd the Loſt to die;
"Haſt *reprobated* from thy Face;
"Haſt Others ſav'd, but Them *paſt by*;
"Or mock'd with only * *Damning Grace.*"

15 How long, Thou jealous GOD! how long
Shall impious Worms thy Word diſprove?
Thy Juſtice ſtain, thy Mercy wrong,
Deny thy Faithfulneſs and Love?

16 Still ſhall the HELLISH DOCTRINE ſtand?
And Thee for its dire Author claim?
No—let it ſink at thy Command
Down to the Pit from whence it came.

17 Ariſe, O GOD, maintain thy Cauſe!
The Fulneſs of the *Gentiles* call:
Lift up the Standard of thy Croſs,
And All ſhall own Thou diedſt for All.

HYMN II.

1 LORD, not unto me, (The whole I diſclaim)
All Glory to Thee Thro' JESUS's Name!
Thy Gifts and thy Graces Pour'd down from above,
Demand all our Praiſes, Our Thanks and our Love.

2 Thy Faithfulneſs, LORD, Each Moment we find,
So true to thy Word, So loving, and kind;
Thy Mercy ſo tender To all the loſt Race,
The foulеſt Offender May turn, and find Grace.

* *More uſually call'd,* Common Grace.

3 The Mercy I feel, To Others I ſhew,
I ſet to my Seal, That JESUS is true;
Ye all may find Favour, Who come at his Call:
O! come to my Saviour, His Grace is for All.

4 To ſave what was loſt, From Heaven He came;
Come, Sinners, and truſt In JESUS's Name:
He offers you Pardon, He bids you "Be free!
"If Sin is your Burden, O come unto Me!"

5 O let me commend My Saviour to you!
The Publican's Friend, And Advocate too:
For you He is pleading His Merits and Death,
With GOD interceding For Sinners beneath.

6 Then let us ſubmit His Grace to receive,
Fall down at his Feet, And gladly believe:
We all are forgiven For JESUS's Sake,
Our Title to Heaven His Merits we take.

HYMN III.

1 O All that paſs by, To JESUS draw near!
He utters a Cry, Ye Sinners give Ear;
From Hell to retrieve you, He ſpreads out his Hands,
Now, now to receive you He graciouſly ſtands.

2 "If any Man thirſt, And happy would be,
"The Vileſt and Worſt May come unto Me;
"May drink of my Spirit, (Excepted is none)
"Lay Claim to my Merit, And take for his own.

3 Whoever receives The Life-giving Word,
In JESUS believes, His GOD and his LORD;
In him a pure River Of Life ſhall ariſe,
Shall in the Believer Spring up to the Skies.

4 My GOD, and my LORD, Thy Call I obey
My Soul on thy Word Of Promiſe I ſtay;

Thy kind Invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for Salvation, Salvation by Grace.

5 O haſten the Hour, Send down from above
The Spirit of Power, Of Health and of Love,
Of filial Fear, Of Knowledge and Grace,
Of Wiſdom, of Prayer, Of Joy and of Praiſe.

6 The Spirit of Faith, Of Faith in thy Blood,
Which ſaves us from Wrath, And brings us to GOD,
Removes the huge Mountain Of indwelling Sin,
And opens a Fountain That waſhes us clean.

HYMN IV.

1 O *Saviour of All* In *Adam* that fell,
Attend to our Call, And ſet to thy Seal;
Our thankful Rehearſal If Thou doſt approve,
Of Grace univerſal, And infinite Love.

2 For whom didſt thou die, Thou meek lamb of GOD?
With all Men may I Lay Claim to thy Blood?
Me, me Thou redeemeſt, Who *for the Unjuſt*
Haſt *ſuffer'd*, and *cameſt To ſave what was loſt*.

3 If *all* Men *were dead*, And fell in the Fall
Of *Adam*, our Head, The Type of us all;
Our *Adam* from Heaven The Loſs doth retrieve:
For All Thou waſt given, That All might *believe*.

4 If *all Men have ſtray'd*, Of every one
The Sins GOD *hath laid On Thee*, his dear Son;
And All may find Pardon, For Pardon who call;
Thou beared'ſt the Burden, The Guilt of us all.

5 In *Adam* we died, In Thee we *may* live;
Thy Merits applied, We All *may* receive:
The Common Salvation To All doth belong,
To every Nation, And People, and Tongue.

6 Our Faith is not vain, But *Death Thou didst taste*
For every Man: 'Tis finish'd! 'Tis past!
The World is forgiven, For JESUS's Sake;
The Kingdom of Heaven By Force we may *take*.

7 O Bowels of Love! O infinite Grace!
So *freely* to move To all the lost Race!
O wondrous Compassion! O Mercy Divine!
Eternal Salvation, Thro' JESUS, is mine.

8 Dear Saviour of All, Attend while we sing;
On Thee do we call Thy Witness to bring;
Whose Arms were extended A World to embrace,
Whose Love never ended *Would* save the whole Race.

9 Great Witness of GOD, To Thee we appeal!
His Love shed abroad, His Counsel reveal:
If *All* may find Favour, Pure Love if Thou art,
Speak inwardly, Saviour, *Amen* to my Heart.

HYMN V.

1 TO the meek and gentle Lamb,
I pour out my Complaint,
Will not hide from Thee my Shame,
But tell Thee what I want:
I am full of Self and Pride,
I am all unclean, unclean,
'Till thy Spirit here abide,
I cannot cease from Sin.

2 Clearly do I see the Way,
My Foot is on the Path;
Now, this Instant, *now* I may
Draw near by simple Faith:
Thou art not a distant GOD,
Thou art still to Sinners near,
Every Moment, if I would,
My Heart might feel Thee near.

3 Free as Air thy Mercy ſtreams,
Thy univerſal Grace
Shines with undiſtinguiſh'd Beams
On all the fallen Race:
All from Thee a Power receive
To reject, or hear thy Call,
All *may* chuſe to die, or live;
Thy Grace is free for All.

4 All the Hindrance is in me:
Thou ready art to ſave;
But I will not come to Thee;
That I thy Life may have.
Stubborn and rebellious ſtill,
From thy Arms of Love I fly:
Yes, I will be loſt; I will,
In Spite of Mercy, die.

5 Holy, meek, and gentle Lamb,
With me what canſt Thou do?
Tho' Thou leav'ſt me as I am,
I own Thee good and true.
Thou wouldſt have me Life embrace,
Thou for me and All waſt ſlain:
Thou haſt offer'd me thy Grace;
'Twas I that made it vain.

6 O that I might yield at laſt,
By dying Love ſubdu'd!
LORD, on Thee my Soul is caſt,
The Purchaſe of thy Blood:
If Thou wilt the Sinner have,
Thou canſt work to will in me;
When, and as Thou pleaſeſt ſave:
I leave it all to Thee.

HYMN VI.

1 GLorious Saviour of my Soul,
I lift it up to Thee;
Thou haſt made the Sinner whole,
Haſt ſet the Captive free:
Thou my Debt of Death haſt paid;
Thou haſt rais'd me from my Fall;
Thou haſt an Atonement made;
My Saviour died for All.

2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave his Father's Breaſt?
Pity drew Him from above,
And would not let Him reſt:
Swift to ſuccour ſinking Man,
Sinking into endleſs Woe,
Jesus to our Refcue ran,
And God appear'd below.

3 God in this dark Vale of Tears,
A Man of Griefs was ſeen;
Here for three and thirty Years
He dwelt with ſinful Men.
Did they know the Deity?
Did they own Him who He was?
See, the Friend of Sinners, ſee!
He hangs on yonder Croſs!

4 Who hath done the direful Deed,
And crucified my God?
Curſes on his guilty Head
That ſpilt that precious Blood:
Worthy is the Wretch to die,
Self-condemn'd, alas, is he!
I have ſold my Saviour, I
Have nail'd Him to the Tree.

5 Yet thy Wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb;
By thy Judgment I am clear,
Heal'd by thy Stripes I am:
Thou for me a Curse wast made,
That I might in Thee be blest:
Thou hast my full Ransom paid,
And in thy Wounds I rest.

6 How shall I commend the Grace
Which All with me may prove;
Magnify thy Mercy's Praise,
Thy all-redeeming Love?
O 'tis more than Tongue can tell!
Who the Mystery shall explain?
Angels, that in Strength excel,
Would search it out in vain.

7 Far above their noblest Songs,
Thy glorious Mercies rise;
Praise sits silent on their Tongues,
And Wonder lulls the Skies!
O might I with them be One,
Lost in speechless Rapture fall,
Cast my Crown before thy Throne,
Thou Lamb that diedst for All!

HYMN VII.

1 JESU, hear! In Bitterness
Of Spirit hear me cry!
See me in my last Distress,
And at the Point to die!
Save me, or I perish, LORD!
I sink into the Gulph beneath:
To the Tempted Help afford,
And snatch my Soul from Death.

2 Compass'd with an Host of Foes,
Defenceless I stand,
I have
Not
Or could I
I cannot 'scape the Foe within,
Sold to Evil,
By my own

3 LORD, as with my last Breath
I ask, what shall I do?
Only Ruin, Sin, and Death
And Hell are in my View
No Way to escape I see
From the infernal Fowler's Snare,
Everlasting Misery,
And Blackness of Despair.

4 See me looking for my Doom,
When Sin shall claim its Prey;
When the next Temptation comes,
And I am cast away.
I have neither Will nor Power,
Temptation to resist or fly:
JESU, save me in this Hour,
O save me, or I die!

5 Once Thou didst my Doom revoke,
And let my Spirit free
Free from sin's Egyptian Yoke,
I lived
But, alas! I did not stand,
To Thee I did not faithful prove;
Basely slighted thy Command,
And left my former Love.

6 I am into Bondage brought
Again
Yield
And can

Trembling I expect the Time,
Which shall my full Damnation seal;
When from heaven, Amidst Crimes
Shall fast me up in Hell.

7 Yet, O Lord, I still believe
Thou can'st my Soul redeem:
Thou art ready to forgive,
And bid me sin no more:
Still Salvation might be found,
If I would on my Saviour call:
Grace doth more than Sin abound;
Thy Grace is free for All.

8 Thou art willing to forgive;
But, O my cursed Heart
Cannot, will not, yet believe,
Nor with its Idols part.
No, I would not, tho' I might,
Accept of perfect Liberty:
Darkness rather than the Light
I love, and Sin than Thee.

9 Yet I *may* be sav'd I know,
I feel thy Spirit strives:
Whether I repent, or no,
I *may* repent, and live.
I have Choice of Death, or Life,
They both on *Infant Now* depend:
Who shall tell me, if the Strife
In Heaven or Hell shall end.

10 Whether I shall ever yield,
Only to God is known:
If I fall, 'tis uncompell'd,
The Deed is all my own:
All the Blame be on my Head,
The Saviour from my Blood is pure;
I, and only I, have made
My own Damnation sure.

11 No Decree of His consign'd
My unbelieving Soul to Hell:
God was merciful and kind,
But I would not rebel enough,
Still Self-harden'd I remain'd,
Would not receive Salvation's Cup;
Griev'd his Spirit, and constrain'd
At last to give me up.

12 God forbid, that I should dare
To charge my Death on Thee:
No, thy Truth and Mercy tear
The Horrible Decree!
Tho' the Devil's Doom I meet,
The Devil's Doctrine I disclaim;
Let it sink into the Pit
Of Hell, from whence it came.

13 I this Record leave behind,
Tho' damn'd, I was forgiven;
Every Soul may Mercy find,
Believe, and enter Heaven;
All the heavenly Drawings prove,
And All alike are free t'embrace
Special, sovereign, saving Love,
And *all-sufficient* Grace.

14 Sinners, hear my dying Call,
Ye All are bought with Blood!
Take ye Warning by my Fall,
Nor trample on your God:
Life to All his Death imparts,
Receive what He doth freely give;
Harden not, like me, your Hearts,
But turn, O turn and live.

15 God, the Good, the Just, and Dear,
He did not will my Death;
Grace hath brought Salvation near
To every human

I would not be sav'd from Death,
And Self-destroy'd I justly fall;
Publishing, with my last Breath,
The Saviour died for All.

HYMN. VIII.

1 FAther of Jesus Christ, the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with Thee,
If I have sinn'd, in Him I trust,
Who ever lives to pray for me.
Behold the Lamb! for me He bleeds,
For me his great Atonement pleads.

2 For all the Sins of all Mankind
He once a perfect Offering made,
For All his precious Life resign'd,
For All a bleeding Ransom paid;
He bow'd his Head upon the Tree:
'Tis finish'd! He hath died for me!

3 This last, and every Sin of mine,
Did He not in his Body bear?
Was it not purg'd with Blood Divine?
Behold the Bond hangs cancel'd there!
'Tis nail'd to the accursed Wood,
'Tis blotted out with Jesu's Blood.

4 The Sin on Him which was not laid,
For which He hath not satisfied,
Punish it, Father, on my Head,
Here let it with thy Wrath abide,
But if He paid my utmost Pain,
Thou canst not ask the Debt again.

5 Lo, in the Gap my Surety stands,
To turn away thy vengeful Arm
Am I not written on his Hands?
What can thy Justice more require?

16

No other Sacrifice I seek;
Thou hear'st the Blood of Sprinkling speak.

6 It speaks me justified from all
My Sins, in Thought, or Word, or Deed;
It speaks my Soul redeem'd from Thrall,
From Sin and Satan's Prison freed:
It speaks into my Heart a Power,
Which makes me more than Conqueror.

7 Father, behold thy favourite Son,
And hear Him for his Murderers pray:
The Face of thine Anointed One,
I know Thou canst not turn away:
I leave the Cause to Him and Thee,
Give me the Thing He asks for me!

HYMN IX.

1 O 'Tis enough, my God, my God,
Here let me give my Wand'rings o'er,
No longer trample on thy Blood,
And grieve thy Gentleness no more;
No more thy ling'ring Anger move,
Or sin against thy Light and Love.

2 I loath myself in my own Sight,
O let me, let me
Adjudge my guilty Soul to Hell;
How could I do Thee such Despite,
So long against thy Love rebel;
Despise the Riches of thy Grace,
And dare provoke Thee to thy Face!

3 But O! if Mercy is with Thee,
Now let it upon All be shewn,
On me, the Chief of Sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy Mercy groan:
Me to thy Father's Grace restore,
Nor let me ever grieve Thee more.

4 Fountain of unexhausted Love,
Of infinite Compassion, hear;
My Saviour, and my Friend above,
Once more in my Behalf appear;
Repentance, Faith, and Pardon give,
O let me turn again, and live.

5 But if my gracious God is pleas'd
And I am banish'd from thy Sight,
When into outer Darkness cast,
My Judge I'll own hath done me Right,
Adore the Hand which Stroke I feel,
Nor murmur when I sink to Hell.

6 No dire Decree of Thine is here
That pre-ordain'd my damn'd Estate;
JESUS, the Merciful, I clear;
JESUS, the Just, I vindicate:
He swore He would not have me die:
Why, Sinner, will thou perish, why?

7 Because I would not come to Him,
That I his proffer'd Life might have:
JESUS was willing to redeem,
I would not suffer Him to save.
I now his Truth and Justice prove,
I now am damn'd, but GOD is Love.

8 O GOD, if Thou art Love indeed,
Let it once more be prov'd in me,
That I thy Mercy's Praise may spread,
For every Child of Adam free.
O let me now thy Grace embrace,
O let me now be far'd by Grace.

9 If all Long-suffering Thou hast shewn
On me that Others may believe;
Now make thy Loving-kindness known,
Now the all-conquering Spirit give,
Now let it upon All be shewn,
On me, the Chief of Sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy Mercy groan:
Me to thy Father's Grace restore,
Nor let me ever grieve Thee more.

Spirit of Glory and Patience,
That I may never grieve Thee more.

10 Grant my importunate Request, oh!
It is not my Desire, but Thine;
Since Thou would have the Sinner blest,
Now let me in thine Image shine,
Nor ever from thy Footstool move,
But prove thine conquering Love.

11 Be it attending to thy Will
Set my imprison'd Spirit free;
The Counsel of thy Grace fulfil,
Into the glorious Liberty
My Spirit, Soul, and Flesh restore,
And I shall never grieve Thee more.

HYMN X.

JESUS CHRIST, *the Saviour of all Men.*

1 SEE, Sinners, in the Gospel Glass,
The Friend, and Saviour of Mankind!
Not one of all th' apostate Race,
But may in Him Salvation find:
His Thoughts, and Words, and Actions prove,
His Life, and Death, that God is Love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The Sins of all the World away!
A Servant's Form He meekly wears,
He sojourns in an House of Clay;
His Glory is no longer seen,
But God with God, is Man with Men.

3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring Creatures Home!
He all Day long spreads out his Hands,
"Come, weary Souls, and Jesus come!

" Ye All may have your Heart,
" Believe, and I will give you Rest.

4 " Ah! do not my Goodness doubt,
" My saving Grace for All is free;
" I will in no wise cast him out
" Who comes a Sinner, unto Me.
" I can, to none, Myself deny
" Why, Sinners, will ye perish, why?

5 (The mournful Cause let Jesus tell)
" They will not come to Me, and live:
" I did not force them to rebel,
" Or call, when I had Nought to give,
" Invite them to believe a Love,
" Or any Soul of Man pass by.

6 Sinners, believe the Gospel-Word,
Jesus is come, your Souls to save!
Jesus is come, your Common Lord!
Pardon ye All in Him may have;
May now be sav'd, whoever will:
This Man receiveth Sinners still.

7 See where the Lame, the Halt, the Blind,
The Deaf, the Dumb, the Sick, the Poor
Flock to the Friend of Human-kind,
And freely All accept their Cure:
To whom doth He his Help deny?
Whom in his Days of Flesh pass by?

8 Did not his Word, the Fiends expel?
The Lepers cleanse, and raise the Dead?
Did He not all their Sickness heal,
And satisfy their every Need?
Did He reject his helpless Clay?
Or send them sorrowful away?

9 Nay, but his Bowels yearn'd to see
The People hungry, scatter'd, faint:

Nay, but He utter'd over thee
Jeruſalem, a true Complaint;
Jeruſalem, who ſhedd'ſt his Blood,
That, with his Tears, for thee hath flow'd!

10 How oft for thy Hard-heartedneſs
Did JESUS in his Spirit groan!
The Things belonging to thy Peace,
Hadſt thou, O bloody City, known,
Thee, turning in thy gracious Day,
He never would have caſt away.

11 He went, becauſe thou *wouldſt* not ſee
The Grace which ſure Salvation brings:
How oft would He have gather'd thee,
And cherish'd underneath his Wings!
But thou *wouldſt not*—unhappy thou!
And juſtly art thou harden'd now.

12 Would JESUS have the Sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder Tree?
What means that ſtrange expiring Cry?
(Sinners, He prays for you and me)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
"They know not that by Me they live!

13 He prays for thoſe that ſhed his Blood:
And who from JESU's Blood is pure?
Who hath not crucified his GOD?
Whole Suns did not his Death procure?
If All have ſinn'd thro' *Adam*'s Fall,
Our ſecond *Adam* died for All.

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14 *Adam* deſcended from above
Our Loſs of *Men* to retrieve,
Great GOD of Univerſal Love,
In us a quick'ning Spirit be,
And witneſs, Thou haſt died for me.

15 Extend to me the cleansing Tide
Which freely flow'd for all Mankind,
Open the Fountain of thy Side,
In Thee may I Redemption find,
Give me Redemption in thy Blood:
For me and all Mankind it flow'd.

16 Dear, loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee by thy painful Agony,
Thy bloody Sweat, thy Grief and Shame,
Thy Cross and Passion on the Tree,
Thy precious Death, and Life, I pray,
Take all, take all my Sins away!

17 O let me kiss thy bleeding Feet,
And bathe, and wash them with my Tears,
The Story of thy Love repeat
In every drooping Sinner's Ears,
That All may hear the quickning Sound:
If I, ev'n I have Mercy found!

18 O let thy Love my Heart constrain,
Thy Love for every Sinner free,
That every fallen Soul of Man
May taste the Grace that found out me,
That all Mankind, with me, may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting Love.

HYMN XI.

The CRY of a REPROBATE.

1 GO, wretched Soul, to meet thy Doom,
Thou neither canst escape, nor fly:
The Day, the fatal Day is come,
And thou with all thy Hopes must die.

2 The dire Occasion of my Fall
Is present to my closest View,
Shorn of my Strength, I give up all,
And bid the World of Grace adieu.

3 The *Philistines* at last have found
The Way to pluck their baffled Foe;
By my own Sin betray'd and bound,
A Sheep I to the Slaughter go.

4 I saw my Death with stony Eye,
While I the Way of Life could find;
But would not then from Ruin fly,
And now my harden'd Heart is blind.

5 I cannot from Destruction turn,
Nor wish it might from me depart,
Down the swift Stream of Nature borne,
I fin with all my wretchless Heart.

6 My greedy Soul knows no Remorse,
(While Conscience fear'd no longer cries)
Impetuous, as the Headlong Horse
Rushes into the Fight, and dies.

7 I hasten where the deepest Hell
Is mov'd to meet me from beneath,
Where damn'd apostate Spirits yell,
And gnaw their Tongues, and gnash their Teeth.

8 *Tophet* is for the King prepar'd,
But I must have the hottest Place;
I claim it as my just Reward,
For such an endless Waste of Grace.

9 *Devils*, and I and *Devils* there,
With galling Chains of Darkness bound,
Shall howl in blasphemous Despair,
And Fiends return the doleful Sound.

10 A real, fiery, sulph'rous Hell
Shall prey upon our outward Frame;
But sorer Pangs the Soul shall feel,
Tormented in a hercer Flame.

11 The dreadful Sin-consuming Fire
GOD shall into our Spirits breathe;
A Brimstone Stream of vengeful Ire
And slay them with a living Death.

12 Conscience, the Worm that never dies,
Shall gnaw and tear us Day and Night,
For ever banish'd from the Skies,
And cast out of the Saviour's Sight.

13 Back to the Presence of the LORD,
O'er the vast Gulph we cannot pass;
We cannot, cannot be restor'd
To see the Glories of his Face.

14 Horror of Horrors! Hell of Hell!
This makes the Cup of Wrath run o'er,
Far from my LORD with Fiends to dwell,
And never, never see Him more.

15 O Death, this is thy Sting! O Grave,
Of Souls, this is thy Victory!
The Saviour can no longer save,
A Gulph is fix'd 'twixt Him and me.

16 No Ray of Light, no Gleam of Hope
The dismal Regions can allow;
'Tis here I must my Eyes lift up,
The Pains of Hell surround me now.

17 Hopeless my damn'd Estate I mourn,
GOD's Wrath is drop into my Soul,
His fiery Wrath in me shall burn
Long as eternal Ages roll.

18 Hear, Sinners, hear an human Fiend,
And shudder at my horrid Tale,
Confign'd to Woes that never end,
Before my Time, I weep and wail.

19 As *Dives* would his Brethren warn,
Left they should share his dreadful Doom,
Sinners (I cry) to Jesus run,
Nor to my Place of Torment come.

20 Hear an incarnate Devil preach,
Nor throw, like me, your Souls away,
While heavenly Bliss is in your Reach,
And God prolongs your gracious Day.

21 Whom I reject, do you receive,
The Saviour of Mankind embrace:
He tasted Death for All, believe,
Believe, and ye are sav'd by Grace.

22 Ye are, and I was once forgiven;
Jesus's Doom did mine repeal;
I might, with you, have come to Heaven,
Sav'd by the Grace from which I fell.

23 A Ransom for my Soul was paid;
For mine, and every Soul of Man
The Lamb a full Atonement made,
The Lamb for me, and *Judas* slain.

24 Before I at his Bar appear,
Thence into outer Darkness thrust,
The Judge of all the Earth I clear,
Jesus, the Merciful and Just.

25 By my own Hands, not His, I fall,
The Hellish Doctrine I disprove;
Sinners, his Grace is free for All;
Tho' I am damn'd, yet God is Love!

1 SAviour, and Friend of Sinners, see
The most rebellious of the Race
If Grace unbounded, Grace from Thee
In Streams of endless Pity flows,
O let it now my Soul embrace,
O'erwhelm me now with pard'ning Grace.

2 Hear, Jesu, hear my dying Call,
Me in a Way of Mercy meet;
Self-loathing, Self-condemn'd I fall
A Sinner at my Saviour's Feet,
Unless Thou cast a pitying Eye,
The Sinner at thy Feet must die.

3 I own my Punishment is just,
If now Thou drive me from thy Face,
Down into outer Darkness thrust,
And quite exclude me from thy Grace,
And leave me to my fearful Doom:
I now am ripe for Wrath to come.

4 I know my Soul is foul as Hell,
The hottest Hell my Deeds require,
There only am I fit to dwell
With Fiends in everlasting Fire:
But why, Redeemer, didst Thou die?
O let thy Bowels answer why!

5 Was it to save, or to condemn
The World, that nail'd Thee to the Tree?
Say, didst Thou only die for them,
Thy Murd'rers, Lord, and not for me?
But hast thou for thy Murd'rers died,
Then I my God have crucified!

6 Wherefore my God hath tasted Death,
For me, and every Soul of Man,
To pluck us from the Lion's Teeth,
To save us from infernal Pain,
That every Soul from Sin set free,
Might witness, God hath died for me!

HYMN XIII.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my God,
I stake my Soul on thy Free Grace,
Take back my Interest in thy Blood,
Unless it stream'd for *all* the Race:
I stake my Soul on this alone,
THY BLOOD DID ONCE FOR ALL ATONE.

2 Gracious, and true, set too thy Seal,
Preach the glad Tidings to my Heart,
Now let my new-born Spirit feel
Pure universal Love Thou art,
In mine, in all our Bosoms move,
And testify, that GOD is LOVE.

3 Enlarge my Heart to all Mankind,
The Purchase of thy dying Groans,
O let me by this Token find
They All are thy Redeemed Ones;
For if I lov'd whom God abhorrid,
The Servant were above his Lord.

4 Thus let me thy free Mercy prove
To All, who thy pure Truth oppose,
If I my fiercest Foes can love,
If I, to save my bitterest Foes,
To die myself would not deny,
For whom couldst Thou, not also die?

5 Dear dying Lord, thy Spirit breathe,
Kindle in us the living Fire,

JESU, conform us to thy Death,
The Fulness of thy Life inspire,
O manifest in us thy Mind
Benevolent to all Mankind.

6 Now, Lord, into our Souls bring in
Thine everlasting Righteousness,
A Period make of Guilt and Sin,
And call us forth thy Witnesses,
That all Mankind, with us, may prove
Thy infinite, and perfect Love.

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HYMN XIV.

GOD's *sovereign, everlasting Love.*

1 O All-redeeming LORD,
Thy Kindness I record,
Me thy Kindness hath allur'd,
Call'd, and drawn me from above,
Sweetly am I thus assur'd
Of thy everlasting Love.

2 But is thy Grace less free,
For Others, than for me?
LORD, I have not learnt Thee so:
Good to every Man Thou art,
Free as Air thy Mercies flow;
So I feel it in my Heart.

3 Thus every Soul may find
Loving to all Mankind,
All have once thy Drawings prov'd,
Every Soul may say with me,
Me the Friend of Sinners lov'd,
Lov'd from all Eternity.

4 Before my Face I see
Me to Himself He drew,

My unconscious Heart inclin'd
To pursue some Good unknown,
Happiness I long'd to find,
Happiness is God alone.

5 God is the Thing I sought,
But then I knew it not,
Who shall shew me any Good?
(With the Many still I cried)
Rest was only in thy Blood,
Who for me, for All hath died.

6 The World's Desire and Hope,
For this was lifted up,
Lord, Thou didst hereby engage,
To draw all Men unto Thee,
All in every Place and Age:
Grace for all Mankind is free!

7 The Spirit of thy Love
With every Soul hath strove,
Every fallen Soul of Man
May recover from his Fall,
See the Lamb for Sinners slain,
Feel that He hath died for All.

8 Thou dost not mock our Race
With insufficient Grace,
Thou hast reprobated none,
Thou from *Pharaoh's* Blood art free,
Then didst once for All atone,
Judas, *Esau*, *Cain*, and me.

HYMN XV.

1 FAther, if I have sinn'd, with Thee
An Advocate I have:
JESUS, the Just, shall plead for me,
The Sinner Christ shall save.

2 Pardon and Peace in Him I find:
But not for me alone.
The Lamb was slain for all Mankind,
His Blood did once atone.

3 My Soul is on thy Promise cast,
And lo! I claim my Part:
The universal Pardon's past,
O seal it on my Heart.

4 Thou canst not now thy Grace deny,
Thou canst not but forgive:
Lord, if thy Justice asks me why,
In Jesus I believe.

HYMN XVI.

1 SAviour of All, by God design'd
Our Loss of *Eden* to retrieve,
Mighty Restorer of Mankind,
In whom we All, tho' dead, may live.

2 In Rapture lost, on Thee I gaze,
Thy Universal Goodness prove,
Adore the Riches of thy Grace,
And triumph in thy boundless Love.

3 Rest to my Soul I now have found,
My Interest in thy Blood I see,
On this my Confidence I ground,
Who died for All, hath died for *me.*

4 For *me,* for *me* the Saviour died!
Surely thy Grace for All is free:
I *feel* it now by Faith *applied*
Who died for All, hath died for *me!*

5 No dire Decree shall thee destroy,
Or fix'd irrevocable Doom.

Consign'd my unborn Soul to Hell,
Or damn'd me from my Mother's Womb.

6 Who that beholds thy lovely Face,
Can doubt if All thy Grace may share?
So mong the Lines of *General Grace*——
Grace, Grace is *all* that's written there.

7 Loving to *every* Man Thou art!
Sinners, ye All his Grace may prove:
He bears you All upon his Heart.
God is not *Hate*, but God is *Love*.

HYMN XVII.

1 BReak forth into Joy, Your Comforter sing,
Ye Sinners emur loy, Your All for your King;
Rejoice ye waste Places, Your Saviour proclaim,
Bestow all your Praises, And Lives on his Name.

2 For JESUS, the LORD, Hath comforted Man,
The Sinner restor'd, Nor suffer'd in vain:
To bring us to Heaven, When rais'd from our Fall,
His Life He hath given, A Ransom for All.

3 His Arm He hath bar'd, His Mercy, and Grace
Hath Pardon prepar'd, For all the lost Race:
His uttermost Merit, Display'd in our Sight,
We All may inherit, And claim as our Right.

4 The *Gentiles* shall hear The Life-giving Call,
His Grace shall appear, And visit them All:
The Common Salvation To all doth belong,
To every Nation, And People, and Tongue!

HYMN XVIII.

The HORRIBLE DECREE.

1 AH! gentle gracious Dove,
And art Thou griev'd in me,
That Sinners should restrain thy Love,
And say, "It is not free:
"It is not free for *All*:
"The *Most* Thou *passest by*,
"And mockest with a fruitless Call
"Whom Thou hast doom'd to die."

2 They think Thee *not sincere*
In giving Each his Day,
"*Thou only drawest the Sinner near*,
"*To cast him quite away*:
"*To aggravate his Sin*,
"*His fire Damnation seal*;
"*Thou shewst him Heaven, and say'st, Go in,*
"*And thrusts him into Hell.*"

3 O HORRIBLE DECREE,
Worthy of whence it came!
Forgive their hellish Blasphemy,
Who charge it on the Lamb:
Whose Pity Him inclin'd
To leave his Throne above,
The Friend, and Saviour of Mankind,
The GOD of Grace and Love.

4 O gracious, loving LORD,
I feel thy Bowels yearn,
For those who slight the Gospel-Word
I share in thy Concern:
How art Thou griev'd to be
By ransom'd Worms withstood!
How dost Thou bleed afresh to see
Them trample on thy Blood.

To limit Thee they dare,
Blaspheme Thee to thy Face,
Deny their Fellow-Worms a Share
In thy Redeeming Grace,
All for their own they take,
Thy Righteousness engross,
Of none Effect to *Most* they make
The Merits of thy Cross.

6 Sinners, abhor the Fiend,
His *other* Gospel hear,
The God *of Truth did not intend*
The Thing his Words declare,
He offers Grace to All,
Which most cannot embrace,
Mock'd with an ineffectual Call,
And insufficient Grace.

7 *The righteous God consigned*
Them over to their Doom,
And sent the Saviour of Mankind
To damn them from the Womb:
To damn for falling short
Of what they could not do,
For not believing the Report
Of that which was not true.

8 *The* God *of Love* pass'd *by*
The most of those that fell,
Ordain'd poor Reprobates to die,
And sent them down to Hell:
He did not do the Deed,
(Some have more mildly said)
He did not damn them but foresaw
They never would be saved.

9 *He did not them bereave*
Of Life, or stop their Breath,
His Grace He only would not give
And starv'd them into Death.

Satanic Sophistry
But still all-gracious GOD,
They charge the Sinner's Death on Thee,
Who bought him with thy Blood!

10 They think with Shrieks and Cries
To please the LORD of Hosts,
And offer Thee, in Sacrifice,
Millions of slaughter'd Ghosts:
With new-born Babes they fill
The dire infernal Shade,
For such (they say) *was thy Great Will*
Before the World was made.

11 How long, O GOD, how long
Shall *Satan*'s Rage proceed!
Wilt Thou not soon avenge the Wrong,
And crush the Serpent's Head!
Surely Thou shalt at last
Bruise Him beneath our Feet;
The Devil, and his Doctrine cast
Into the burning Pit.

12 Arise, O GOD, arise,
Thy glorious Truth maintain,
Hold forth the bloody Sacrifice
For every Sinner slain!
Defend the Mercy's Cause,
Thy Grace divinely free,
Lift up the Standard of thy Cross,
Draw all Men unto Thee!

13 O vindicate thy Grace
Which every Soul may prove,
Us in thy Arms of Love embrace,
Of everlasting Love.
Give the pure Gospel-Word,
Thy Preachers multiply,
Let All confess their Common Lord,
And dare for Him to die.

My Life I here present,
My Heart's last Drop of Blood,
O let it all be freely spent
To Prove that Thou art Good,
Art Good to all to all that breathe,
Who All may Pardon have:
Thou willest not the Sinner's Death,
But all the World *wouldst* save.

O take me at my Word,
But arm me with thy Power,
Then call me forth to suffer, LORD,
To meet the fiery Hour:
In Death will I proclaim
That All *may* hear thy Call,
And clap my Hands amidst the Flame,
And shout—HE DIED FOR ALL.

The End of the First Part.

HYMNS, &c.

PART II.

HYMN I.

1 TErrible God, severely just,
Inexorable Judge of All,
A Sinner cleaving to the Dust,
And looking for a deeper Fall,
Thy awful Justice I confess,
And glorify thy Righteousness.

2 Righteous in all thy Ways Thou art;
Long didst Thou strive my Soul to win,
Tho' harden'd now I feel my Heart
Thro' the Deceitfulness of Sin,
I clear Thee in my last Groan,
O God, my Death is all my own.

3 Ten thousand thousand Times restor'd,
Still into greater Sins I fell,
Trod under Foot my bleeding Lord,
And labour'd to insure my Hell:
How couldst Thou still defer my Fate?
How could.t Thou give me up so late?

4 I might have seen in thy Decree
The Things belonging to my Peace,
But would not let thy Spirit stay,
But forc'd his Motions to cease,
I fear'd Him to enlighten my Sight,
And rebuking every Motion of Light,
My Heart I made more hard than Stone,

5 Most justly then my Day is past,
Mercy no more remains for me,
Thy Spirit grieved and quench'd at last,
With senseless Unconcern I see,
The Measure of my Sin fill'd up,
Shipwreck'd my Faith, extinct my Hope.

6 I see my Doom, but cannot feel,
Or wish to want this Hell within,
I cannot ask Thee to repeal
My Curse, or save me from my Sin.
I would not have my Sin remove,
My Sin, my Curse, my Hell I love.

7 No Cloak for mine Offence have I,
I calmly sin against thy Light,
Deliberately resolve to die,
And sink into eternal Night,
The Day is past, the Sentence o'er,
I will accept of Grace no more.

8 My Hands hang down, my feeble Knees
Refuse to bear the sinful Clay,
My ineffectual Strivings cease,
I fall a final Cast-away,
I fall, and own my God is just,
No longer mine; for All is lost!

9 Lost, and undone, and damn'd am I,
But whence this unavailing Tear?
This struggling, faint, imperfect Sigh?
Can ought of Good be harbour'd here?

O no! it cannot, cannot be,
Mercy no more remains for me.

10 Away ye Dreams of future Rest!
Why am I tempted to look up?
What means this Struggling in my Breast?
My flinty Breast must never hope;
Yet kindled my Relentings are,
And check'd I feel my just Despair.

11 But is it possible that I
Remorse or Hope again should know?
If Mercy's Fountain is not dry
To me, its Streams eternal flow;
If Grace to me doth still abound,
Then *Judas* might have Pardon found.

12 If yet again my Lord returns,
And will not with his Purchase part;
If over me his Spirit mourns,
And works upon my stony Heart,
None out of Hell need now despair;
A viler Rebel is not there!

13 If after all my Waste of Love,
(Enough ten thousand Worlds to save)
I still am call'd his Grace to prove,
And may in Him Redemption have,
Sinners, ye All with me must own
The Day of Grace and Life is one.

14 God of unfathomable Grace,
Vouchsafe thy Benefits to crown,
Most fallen of the fallen Race
To me, of Sinners chief, come down,
A worse did ne'er thy Spirit grieve;
A worse Thou never canst forgive.

15 Since first with *Adam*'s Sons He strove
To bring th' Apostates back to God,

The Spirit of thy Grace and Love
Never, no never yet subdu'd
A more rebellious Worm than me,
Or gain'd an harder Victory.

16 Then save me for thy Mercy's Sake,
And give, O give me to thy Son,
That I to all Mankind may make
The Riches of thy Mercy known,
Thy everlasting Love proclaim,
And Grace for All in JESU's Name.

HYMN II.

1 JESUS, my JESUS, hear,
And bid the Sinner hope,
Guilty and trembling I draw near,
But dare not give Thee up:
For this alone I live,
A poor Backslider I,
Thy forfeit Mercy to retrieve,
Or at thy Feet to die.

2 O 'tis a bitter Thing
From JESUS to depart,
This is, O Death, thy only Sting,
I feel it in my Heart!
I bear my guilty Load,
My Foolishness I mourn,
I have forsook the Living GOD;
O how shall I return!

3 O JESU, full of Grace,
To Thee I make my Moan,
Let me again behold thy Face,
Call Home thy Banish'd One,
Again my Pardon seal,
Again my Soul restore,
And freely my Backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

4 Wilt Thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my Soul shall live;
Forgive, my gasping Spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive:
Where Sin hath most increas'd,
Let Grace much more abound,
Let me, from all my Bonds releas'd,
Again in Thee be found.

5 What shall I say to move
The Pity of my LORD?
Dost Thou not still delight to love
Me of thine own Accord?
For thine own Mercy's Sake
Relieve my Wretchedness,
And O my Pardon give me back,
And give me back my Peace.

6 Again thy Love reveal,
Restore that inward Heaven,
O grant me once again to feel
Thro' Faith my Sins forgiven;
Thy utmost Mercy shew,
Say to my drooping Soul,
In Peace, and full Assurance go,
Thy Faith hath made thee whole.

HYMN III.

1 O Take away the Stone,
JESU, the Bar remove,
Th' accurſed Thing to me unknown,
That ſtops thy ſtreaming Love:
Thy Grace is always free,
Thou waiteſt to be good,
And ſtill thy Spirit grieves for me,
And ſpeaks thy ſprinkled Blood.

2 Ah! do not let me truſt
In Gifts and Graces paſt,
But lay my Spirit in the Duſt,
And ſtop my Mouth at laſt.
What Thou for me haſt done,
I can no longer plead;
Thy Truth and Faithfulneſs I own,
If now Thou ſtrike me dead.

3 Surely I once believ'd,
And felt my Sins forgiven,
Thy faithful Record I receiv'd,
That Thou haſt purchas'd Heaven
For me, and all Mankind,
Who from their Sins would part;
The Peace of GOD I once could find,
The Witneſs in my Heart.

4 But ſoon the ſubtle Fiend
Beguil'd my ſimple Mind,
Darkneſs with Light he knew to blend,
Falſhood and Truth he join'd;
Pride (he remember'd well)
Had caſt him from the Skies:
By Pride the firſt Tranſgreſſor fell,
And loſt his Paradiſe.

5 Arm'd with this fiery Dart,
The Enemy drew nigh,
And preach'd to my unſettled Heart,
His bold preſumptuous Lye:
"You are ſecure of Heaven,
"(The Tempter ſoftly ſays)
"*You are elect*, and once forgiven,
"Can never fall from Grace.

6 "You never can receive
"The Grace of GOD in vain;
"The Gift, be ſure, He did not give
"To take it back again:

" He cannot take it back,
" Whether you use, or no
" His Grace; you cannot Shipwreck make
" Of Faith, or let it go.

7 " You never can forget
" Your GOD, or leave Him now,
" Or once look back, if you have set
" Your Hand unto the Plow:
" You never can deny
" The LORD who you hath bought,
" Nor can your GOD His Own *pass by*,
" Tho' you receive Him not.

8 " GOD is unchangeable,
" And therefore so are you;
" And therefore they can never fall,
" Who once his Goodness knew;
" In Part perhaps you may,
" You cannot wholly fall,
" Cannot become a Cast-away,
" Like *non-elected Paul.*

9 " Tho' you continue not,
" Yet GOD remains the same,
" Out of his Book He cannot blot
" Your everlasting Name:
" Cut off you shall not be,
" You never shall remove,
" Secure from all Eternity
" In his *electing Love.*

10 " If GOD the Seed did sow,
" He sow'd it not in vain,
" It cannot to Perfection grow,
" But it must still remain:
" Nor Cares, nor Sins can choak,
" Or make the Grace depart,
" Nor can it be by *Satan* took
" Out of your raceless Heart;
" The Gift, he never did not give
" To take it back again:

"You must for ever live,
"If of the Chosen Race;
"If God did but one Talent give
"Of special saving Grace,
"You cannot bury it;
"He never can repeal,
"Or cast you out into the Pit
"For trampling on his Love.

"God sees in you no Sin;
"On his Decree depend;
"You who did in the Sp'rit begin,
"In Flesh can never end:
"You never can reject
"His Mercies, or abuse,
"His great Salvation none neglect,
"And Death and Evil chuse.

"If once the Sp'rit unclean
"Out of his House is gone,
"He never more can enter in,
"Or seize you for his own;
"You need not dread the Fate
"Of Reprobates accurst,
"Or tremble lest your last Estate
"Be worse than was the first.

"Surely the righteous Man
"Can never more draw back,
"He his own Mercies never can
"With his good Works forsake;
"That he should sink to Hell
"In his Iniquity,
"God *may suppose it possible*,
"*But it can never be!*

"His Threatnings all are vain,
"You fancy Him insane,
"But spare yourself the needless Pain,
"And cast away your Fear.

" He speaks with this Intent,
" To frighten you from Ill
" With Sufferings, which He only meant
" The Reprobate should feel.

16 " He only meant to warn
" The damn'd, devoted Race,
" Back from his Ways left they should turn
" Who never knew his Ways;
" He only cautions All
" Who never came to GOD,
" Not to depart from GOD, or fall
" From Grace, who never stood.

17 " His Threatnings are a Jeſt,
" Or not deſign'd for you;
" He only means them for the reſt,
" And they ſhall find them true,
" Who ſlight his Mercy's Call,
" Which they could ne'er embrace:
" He warns th' Apoſtates not to fall
" From Common (*Damning*) Grace.

18 " 'Gainſt thoſe that faithleſs prove
" He ſhuts his Mercy's Door,
" And whom He never once did love
" Threatens to love no more;
" From them He doth revoke
" The Grace did not ſhare,
" And blot the Names out of his Book
" That ne'er were written there.

19 " But you may reſt ſecure,
" And ſafely take your Fate,
" If you are once in Grace, be ſure
" You always are in Grace:
" Caſt all your Fears away,
" My Son, be of good Chear,
" Not mind what *Paul* or *Peter* ſay,
" For you *muſt* perſevere.

20 " And did they fright the Child,
" And tell it, it might fall!
" Might be of its Reward beguil'd,
" And fin, and forfeit all!
" Might to its Vomit turn,
" And wallow in the Mire,
" And perish in its Sins, and burn
" In everlasting Fire!

21 " What naughty Men be they
" To take the Children's Bread!
" Their carnal Confidence to slay,
" And force them to take Heed!
" With humble useless Doubt
" The fearful Babes they fill,
" Compell'd with Trembling to work out
" Their own Salvation still.

22 " Ah poor misguided Soul!
" And did they make it weep!
" Come, let me in my Bosom lull
" Thy Sorrows all to Sleep:
" Thine Eyes in Safety close,
" Secure from all Alarms,
" And take thine undisturb'd Repose,
" And rest within my Arms.

23 " They shall not vex it so,
" By bidding it take Heed:
" You need not as a Bulrush go,
" Still bowing down your Head:
" Your Griefs and Fears reject,
" My *other* Gospel own,
" Only believe yourself *elect*,
" And all the Work is done."

HYMN IV.

1 'TWAS thus the subtle Foe
Beguil'd my foolish Heart,
While weak in Faith I did not know
His false insnaring Art:
I listen'd to a Lye
Which Nature lik'd so well,
Believ'd the soothing Fiend, that I
Could never fall — and fell.

2 The Tempter now withdrew,
And left me free from Care,
His own Advantage well he knew;
My Soul was in his Snare:
Secure, and lull'd in Ease,
Sin vex'd me now no more,
My Sorrows end, my Troubles cease,
And all my Pangs are o'er.

3 Freed from the inward Cross,
Of all Corruption full,
A Prophet of smooth Things I was
To my own wretched Soul;
Unchang'd and unrenew'd,
Yet still I could not fall:
Daub'd with untemper'd Mortar stood
The tottering whited Wall.

4 My Wound I slightly heal'd,
And quieted my Grief,
With all the false Assurance fill'd
Of Damning Unbelief;
One of the happy Sect
Who scoff at Mourners poor,
That will not dream themselves elect,
'Till they have made it sure.

5 How happier far was I,
From Grief and Scruple free,
Who could from all Conviction fly
To GOD's *suppos'd* Decree?
O what a settled Peace,
What Comfort did I prove,
And hug me in my Sins, and bless
His sweet electing Love!

6 What if I sinn'd *sometimes*,
In this *imperfect* State,
It was not like the Damning Crimes
Of a lost Reprobate;
Sin was not Sin in *me*,
GOD doth not blame His Own,
Doth not behold Iniquity
In any Chosen One.

7 What if I *foully* fell,
I *finally* could not;
His Grace is irresistible,
And back I *must* be brought:
What if in Sin I liv'd,
The firm Decree is past,
I *must* be at my Death receiv'd,
I *must* be sav'd at last.

8 How could my Folly dare
Satan and Sin to slight?
The Judgments of my GOD were far
Above out of my Sight:
His Wrath was not for me,
And therefore I defied
Mine Enemies, from Danger free,
In self-electing Pride.

9 Not all his threatned Woes
My stubborn Heart could move;
His Threatnings only were for those
Who never knew his Love:

He cannot take away
His covenanted Grace,
Tho' I rebel, and disobey,
And mock Him to his Face.

10 He cannot me *pass by,*
Or utterly reject,
Or judge his People, or deny
To save his own Elect;
He swore to bring me in
To Heaven; 'twere Perjury
For GOD to punish me for Sin,
For GOD to *pass by* me.

11 'Twas thus *my* wretched Heart
Abus'd his patient Grace,
Provok'd his Mercy to depart,
His Justice to take Place:
Unconscious of its State,
In Death my Soul abode,
Nor groan'd beneath its guilty Weight,
Nor knew its Fall from GOD.

12 I could not be restor'd,
By pard'ning Grace renew'd,
While trampling on his Written Word
Self-confident I stood:
He only saves the Lost,
Which I could never be,
I never *could* be damn'd, but *must*
Be sav'd by his Decree.

HYMN V.

1 O My offended GOD,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy Blood,
And done Despite to Thee,

If I begin to [illegible]
Out of my deadly Sleep,
Into thy Arms of Mercy fall,
And there forever keep.

2 I can no more rely
On Gifts and Graces past,
Lost, and undone, and damn'd I am,
I give up All at last;
With guilty Shame I drop
My bold presumptuous Plea,
Mercy itself may give me up,
The vile Apostate free.

3 I can no longer trust
In my Abuse of Grace,
I own Thee merciful and just,
If banish'd from thy Face:
Tho' once I surely knew,
And felt my Sins forgiven,
Faithful I own Thee, LORD, and true,
If now shut out from Heaven.

4 Thro' Faith in JESU's Name
I once was justified,
Yet hence no Benefit I claim,
I lost it all by Pride:
More desp'rate is my State,
Farther I am from GOD,
Than any hopeless Reprobate,
Who never felt thy Blood.

5 Nothing have I to plead,
LORD, at thy Feet I fall,
Pour all thy Judgments on my Head,
I have deserv'd them all!
Justice my Life demands;
Thou art unchangeable,
Thy Covenant unbroken stands,
Tho' I am doom'd to Hell.

6 Nothing for me remains
But Horror and Defpair,
A fearful Looking for of Pains
Too exquisite to bear,
Judgment and fiery Wrathe
For I have wilfully
(Since I receiv'd thy saving Faith)
Apoſtatiz'd from Thee.

7 Enlighten'd once I was,
And saw my Sins forgiv'n,
And tasted of thy pard'ning Grace,
The Happineſs of Heaven:
I tasted the Good Word,
And, sanctified in Part,
Receiv'd the Promiſe of my LORD,
The Sp'rit into my Heart.

8 Now I am fall'n away,
And Thou mayſt let me fall,
'Till ended is my gracious Day,
And I am ſtript of all;
'Till I am void of GOD,
'Till all the Strife is o'er,
And I can never be renew'd,
Can never ſee Thee more.

9 But O forbid it, LORD,
Nor drive me from thy Face,
While Self-condemn'd, and Self-abhorr'd,
I humbly ſue for Grace:
For thy own Mercy's Sake
My guilty Soul releaſe,
And now my Pardon give me back,
And give me back my Peace.

10 No other Right have I
Than what the World may claim,
All, all may to their GOD draw nigh,
Thro' Faith in JESU's Name.

Thou all the Debt haſt paid,
This is my only Plea,
The Cov'nant God in Thee hath made,
With all Mankind, and me.

11 Thou haſt obtain'd the Grace
That All may turn and live;
And lo! thy Offer I embrace,
Thy Mercy I receive.
Whene'er the wicked Man
Turns from his Sin to Thee,
His late Repentance is not vain,
He ſhall accepted be.

12 Thy Death hath bought the Power
For every ſinful Soul,
That All *might* know their gracious Hour,
And be by Faith made whole:
Thou haſt for Sinners died,
That All *might* come to God,
The Cov'nant Thou haſt ratified,
And ſeal'd it with thy Blood.

13 He that believes in Thee,
And doth to Death endure,
He ſhall be ſav'd eternally,
The Covenant is ſure;

The Mountains ſhall give Place,
Thy Cov'nant cannot move,
The Cov'nant of thy Gen'ral Grace,
Thy All-redeeming Love.

14 He that in Thee believes,
And to the End remains,
He everlaſting Life receives,
For ſo thy Will ordains:
This is the firm Decree,
The Word of thy Command,
Faſt as the Sun and Moon with Thee
It doth for ever ſtand.

15 GOD of all-pard'ning Grace,
The Cov'nant now I plead,
The Cov'nant made with All our Race
In JESUS CHRIST, our Head!
Canst Thou the Grace deny,
The Pardon which I claim,
O why did the Redeemer die?
I ask in JESU's Name.

16 Hast Thou not sent us forth
His Pris'ners from the Pit?
And do I not to JESU's Worth
And Righteousness submit?
Father, behold thy Son,
As in my Place He stood,
And hear his dying Word, IT IS DONE,
And hear his speaking Blood.

17 It speaks me justified,
My Father must forgive:
He *doth*; I feel it now applied,
My Pardon I receive.
My Peace He gives me back,
My Antepast of Heaven,
And GOD again for JESU's Sake
Hath me, ev'n me forgiven.

HYMN VI.

1 JESU, my Hope, my Help, my Power,
On Thee I ever call,
O save me from Temptation's Hour,
Or into Hell I fall.

2 If by thy Light I now perceive
My utter Helplessness,
O do not for one Moment leave
The Sinner in Distress.

3 I cannot truſt my treach'rous Heart,
I ſhall myſelf betray,
I muſt be loſt, if Thou depart,
A final Caſt-away.

4 I feel within me unſubdu'd,
A curſed, carnal Will,
It hates, and ſtarts from all that's good,
And cleaves to all that's ill.

5 My Soul *could* yield to every Vice,
And Paſſion in Exceſs,
My Soul to all the Height *could* riſe
Of daring Wickedneſs.

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6 The blackeſt Crime upon Record
I freely *could* commit,
The Sins by Nature moſt abhorr'd
My Nature *could* repeat.

7 I *could* the Devil's Law receive,
Unleſs reſtrain'd by Thee,
I *could*, (Good GOD!) I *could* believe
The HORRIBLE DECREE.

8 I *could* believe that GOD is Hate,
The GOD of Love and Grace
Did damn, paſs by, and reprobate
The moſt of human Race.

9 Farther than this I cannot go,
'Till *Tophet* take me in:
But O forbid that I ſhould know
This Myſtery of Sin.

10 JESU, to Thee for Help I fly,
Support my Soul, and guide,
Keep as the Apple of an Eye,
Thou all
Under thy Shadow hide.

11 Withhold my Foot from every Snare,
From every Sin defend,
Throughout the Way my Spirit bear,
And bring me to the End.

12 Wisdom and Strength to Thee belong;
Folly and Sin is mine;
But out of Weakness make me strong,
But in my Darkness shine.

13 My Strength will I ascribe to Thee,
My Wisdom from above,
And praise to all Eternity
Thine all-redeeming Love.

HYMN VII.

1 AH! when shall I awake
From Sin's soft soothing Power,
This Slumber from my Spirit shake,
And rise to fall no more!
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant Care,
Looking for GOD my Soul to keep,
And watching unto Prayer!

2 O could I always pray,
And never, never faint!
But simply to my GOD display
My every Care and Want!
I know that Thou wouldst give
More than I can request,
Thou still art ready to receive,
My Soul to perfect Rest.

3 Gracious Thou art to All,
Such Faith in Thee I have,
If all the World on Thee would call,
Thou all the World wouldst save.

To every one that prays,
The Gift is freely given,
Who seek shall every one find Grace,
Who knock shall enter in.

4 Yet still I cannot ask,
From Thee I turn away,
My Heart abhors the irksome Task,
And knows not how to pray;
If dragg'd to sue for Grace,
I soon my Suit forbear,
Break off, as in a Moment's Space,
Th' intolerable Prayer.

5 O wretched Man of Sin,
Wretched I still remain,
A perfect Happiness within
My Reach I see in vain:
I see, but cannot take,
But *will* not it receive:
Still my own Mercies I forsake,
I will not yet believe.

6 Thou dost not mock me, Lord,
The Work of thine own Hands,
Or call me to believe thy Word,
While thy Decree withstands:
Thy Grace for All is free,
Tho' All accept it not,
To every Sinner, and to me
It hath Salvation brought.

7 To me this Token give
Of all-redeeming Grace,
O let me now the Gift receive,
Thy proffer'd Life embrace!
I do embrace it now,
Descending from above,
Low at thy Throne of Love I bow,
Of Universal Love.

8 I feel Thee willing, LORD,
A ſinful World to ſave.
All may obey the Goſpel-Word,
May Peace and Pardon have:
Not one of all the Race
But may return to Thee,
But at the Throne of ſov'reign Grace
May fall, and weep with me.

9 Here let me ever lie,
And tell Thee all my Care,
And Father, Abba Father, cry,
And pour a ceaſeleſs Prayer;
'Till Thou my Sins ſubdue,
'Till Thou my Sins deſtroy,
My Spirit after GOD renew,
And fill with Peace and Joy.

10 *Meſſias*, Prince of Peace,
Into my Soul bring in
Thine everlaſting Righteouſneſs,
And make an End of Sin.
Into all thoſe that ſeek
Redemption in thy Blood,
The ſanctifying Spirit ſpeak,
The Plenitude of GOD.

11 Let us in Silence wait,
'Till Faith ſhall make us whole,
'Till Thou ſhalt all Things new create
In each believing Soul:
Who can reſiſt thy Will?
Speak, and it ſhall be done;
Thou ſhalt the Work of Faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

HYMN VIII.

1 COME, let us who in CHRIST believe,
Our Common Saviour praise,
To Him with joyful Voices give
The Glory of his Grace.

2 His Grace would every Soul restore
That fell in *Adam*'s Fall;
His Father's Justice asks no more,
Since He hath died for All.

3 He died for All, He none *past by*
In their forlorn Estate,
He left not in his Sin to die
One hopeless Reprobate.

4 We stake our Interest in thy Blood,
On this, on this alone,
That IT for all Mankind hath flow'd,
And did for All atone.

5 Unless to All thy Bowels move,
Unless thy Grace is free,
O bleeding Lamb, take back thy Love,
O Saviour, pass by *me*.

6 But can I fear thy Justice nigh,
When Love is on my Side?
Thou canst not, LORD, Thyself deny,
For wherefore hast Thou died?

7 For me, for us, for all Mankind
The Ransome-Price was given,
That All *might* find their *Eden* find,
And then remove to Heaven.

8 If any fail of promis'd Rest,
Their Death is all their own.

All Nations now in CHRIST are blest,
His Love excepted none.

9 All our Salvation is of GOD,
Whole Arms would All embrace.
Who perish, perish Self-destroy'd,
For not accepting Grace.

10 Surely the Grace doth once appear
To every Soul of Man,
JESUS hath brought Salvation near,
He did not die in vain.

11 He made it possible for All
To turn again and live,
And therefore doth his Gospel call,
And his good Spirit strive.

12 He now stands knocking at the Door
Of every Sinner's Heart,
The Worst *need* keep Him out no more,
Or force Him to depart.

13 Thro' Grace we hearken to thy Voice,
Yield to be sav'd from Sin,
In sure and certain Hope rejoice
That Thou wilt enter in.

14 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove,
But sup with us, and let the Feast
Be everlasting Love.

HYMN IX.

1 HOly, and Just, and Gracious God,
Still wilt Thou let thy Foes blaspheme
Their Saviour's all-atoning Blood,
And say, *Thou'st only bled for Them.*

2 " *For Them, and not for all Mankind,*
" *The Saviour of the World was given,*
" *Millions of Souls He ne'er designed,*
" *And only mocked with Hopes of Heaven.*

3 " *To damn the World, and not to save,*
" *The Father sent his only Son,*
" *That None but They might Pardon have,*
" *They — the whole World of Them alone.*

4 " *He willeth not that All should come*
" *To Faith, and Heaven thro' saving Grace,*
" *He reprobated from the Womb*
" *The Most of Adam's helpless Race.*

5 " *He willeth* (so they judge their GOD)
" *That Most should perish in their Fall,*
" *He left them wall'ring in their Blood,*
" *And mocks them with a fruitless Call.*

6 " *Bids all Men every where repent,*
" *And He to All will Life impart,*
He bids *them All*, but never meant
That any *Reprobate* should hear.

7 *No: To be sav'd He made them not,*
Them to be damn'd He therefore made.
No Medium here can human Thought
Find out, tho' helped with Satan's Aid.

8 " GOD, *ever Merciful and Juſt,*
" *With new-born Babes and Tophet fill,*
" *Down into endleſs Torments thruſt,*
" *Merely to ſhew his ſovereign Will.*"

9 This is that HORRID Doctrine!
This is that Wiſdom from above!
GOD O deteſt the Blaſphemy!
Hath Pleaſure in the Sinner's Death.

10 Horror of Horrors! Spawn of Hell!
It iſſues from the burning Pit!
Come, ſee the Fiend you love ſo well,
Who blindly to his Sway ſubmit.

11 See him dragg'd out to open Light,
And judge him by the written Word,
Then let him ſink to endleſs Night,
Slain by the Spirit's two-edg'd Sword.

12 If Reaſon can arreſt his Doom,
Make Haſte, produce your ſtrongeſt Plea,
Ye Potſherds of the Earth, preſume
To diſunite the Trinity.

13 " *Since* GOD *might juſtly let* All *die,*
" *And leave* All *to Eternal Woe,*
" *Might He not juſtly* Some *paſs by?*"
The Wounds of JESUS anſwer, No!

14 His Wrath He might on All have ſhewn,
Had not his Law been ſatisfied:
But now He *cannot* paſs by One,
He *cannot*, — for his Son hath died.

15 The Mediator ſtands between
An angry GOD, and guilty Race,
The Blood of ſprinkling ſpeaks for Men,
Juſtice appeas'd gives Way to Grace.

16 GOD was in CHRIST, and all Mankind
Now to Himself hath reconcil'd;
The Lamb his precious Life resign'd,
He dies, and rigid Justice smil'd.

17 'Tis finish'd! Thou hast bought our Peace!
JESUS, the Sound of pardoning Grace,
Makes all our guilty Fears depart,
For GOD and Love are in the Heart.

18 Thou hast for All a Ransom paid,
The World's Offence thy Body bore,
Thou all the mighty Debt hast paid,
And GOD, the Just, can ask no more.

19 Before Thou hadst the Debt laid down,
He might have left us All to Hell,
But now He cannot pass by One,
Since Thou hast died for All that fell.

20 LORD, we forget Thou once didst take
Our Sin, and all our Curse remove,
O'erlook thy Passion, when we make
Thy Justice swallow up thy Love.

21 LORD, we forget thy dying Groans,
That Thou for All hast tasted Death,
For all th' Unjust hast suffer'd once:
Forgive them, gasp'd thy parting Breath.

22 Surely thy dying Prayer is heard,
GOD for thy Sake hath All forgiven,
Grace hath to all Men appeared,
And All may follow it to Heaven.

HYMN X.

1 JESU, thy Word is past; the Grace
Unspeakable is come to All:
Restor'd by Thee, the fallen Race
May All recover from their Fall;
From Earth Thou hast been lifted up,
That all the Ends of Earth might hope.

2 The sure, irrevocable Word
Hath no one Soul of Man past by,
We All may claim the Common Lord,
Not One is fore'd, or left to die:
Say Thou, if All may come to Thee;
"I will draw all Men unto Me."

3 But hath thy Love excepted None?
But wouldst Thou draw us All to God?
Didst Thou for the whole World atone?
Have All an Int'rest in thy Blood?
Say, if thy Grace for All is free;
"I will draw all Men unto Me."

4 But dost Thou give thy *Special* Grace,
Sufficient all the World to save?
Dost Thou not hide from Half the Race
What none but the Elect can have?
"The Grace that brings Salvation near,
"Doth once to all Mankind appear."

5 And canst Thou, Lord, incline our Heart,
And draw us to Thyself in vain,
And then compel [illegible]
And thrust us in [illegible] Pain?
"I am not willing Any should die:
"Why, Sinners, will ye perish, why?"

6 But if thy written Word be true,
And Thou art willing to save All,
Why do not All the Track pursue,
And listen to th' effectual Call?
Why do not All thy Grace receive?
"They *will not* come to Me, and live."

7 All *might* be sav'd, but All *are* not,
For All *will not* thy Call obey;
The Grace that once Salvation brought,
Self-harden'd Sinners cast away,
They would not see the Way of Peace,
But forc'd the Spirit's Strife to cease.

8 They would not the pure Truth receive,
Sav'd, when they might, they would not be,
God therefore left them to believe
The Devil's Horrible Decree,
And lo! they still believe a Lye,
That God did *Nine in Ten* pass by.

9 In Them the strong Delusion reigns,
That None but They in Christ have Hope,
The Poison spreads throughout their Veins,
And drinks their angry Spirits up;
"Let All but Us in *Tophet* dwell,
"Away with Reprobates to Hell."

10 The Spirit of their Father speaks;
The Lion roaring for his Prey,
The reprobating Lion seeks
Unstable Souls to devour and slay;
Fly, Sinners, fly the Fowler's Snare,
Satan, and all his Depths, are there.

11 Hear the old hellish Word no more,
"For All the Saviour did not die;
"For only Them, and not one more,
"Poor Sinners, who believe my Lye!"

His Children answer to his Call,
And shout, CHRIST did not die for All.

12 O GOD of Love, lay to thine Hand,
And bruise him underneath our Feet.
No longer let his Doctrine stand,
But chase it to its native Pit;
There only let the Fiend declare,
And preach his other Gospel there.

HYMN XI.

1 LET Earth and Heaven agree,
Angels and Men be join'd
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of Mankind.
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the Sound of JESU's Name.

2 JESUS, transporting Sound!
The Joy of Earth and Heaven!
No other Help is found,
No other Name is given,
By which we can Salvation have;
But JESUS came the World to save.

3 JESUS, harmonious Name!
It charms the Hosts above!
They ever sing and proclaim
And wonder at his Love!
'Tis all their Happiness to gaze,
'Tis Heaven to see our JESU's Face.

4 His Name the Sinner hears,
And instant sin flies from him;
'Tis Music in his Ears,
'Tis Life and Victory.
New Songs do now his Lips employ,
And dances his glad Heart for Joy.

Stung by the Scorpion Sin,
My poor expiring Soul
The balmy Sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole.
See there my Lord upon the Tree!
I hear, I feel He died for me.

For me, and all Mankind,
The Lamb of God was slain;
My Lamb his Life resign'd
For every Soul of Man;
Loving to All, He none past by,
He would not have one Sinner die.

O unexampled Love!
O all-redeeming Grace!
How freely didst Thou move
To save a fallen Race!
What shall I do to make it known
What Thou for all Mankind hast done!

For this alone I breathe
To spread the Gospel-Sound,
Glad Tidings of thy Death
To all the Nations round;
Who All *may* feel thy Blood applied,
Since All are freely justified.

O for a Trumpet-Voice
On all the World to call,
To bid their Hearts rejoice
In Him who died for All!
For All my Lord was crucified,
For All, for All my Saviour died.

To serve thy blessed Will,
Thy Dying Love to praise,
Thy Counsel to fulfil,
And minister thy Grace;
Freely what I receive to give,
The Life of Heaven on Earth I live.

1 O All-atoning Lamb,
O Saviour of Mankind,
If ev'ry Soul may in thy Name
With me Salvation find;
If Thou hast chosen me
To testify thy Grace,
(That vast unfathomable Sea,
Which covers all our Race)

2 Equip me for the War,
And teach my Hands to fight,
My simple upright Heart prepare,
And guide my Words aright:
Controul my every Thought,
My Whole of Self remove,
Let all my Works in Thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in Love.

3 O arm me with the Mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in Thee,
And let my knowing Zeal be join'd
To fervent Charity:
With calm and temper'd Zeal,
Let me enforce thy Call,
And vindicate thy gracious Will,
Which offers Life to All.

4 O do not let me trust
In any Arm but Thine!
Humble, O humble to the Dust
This stubborn Soul of mine!
Cast all my Reeds aside,
Captivate every Thought,
And drain me of my Strength and Pride,
And bring me down to Nought.

5 Thou dost not stand in Need
Of me to prop thy Cause,
T'assert thy General Grace, or plead
The Victory of thy Cross,
A feeble Thing of Nought,
With humble Shame I own,
The Help which sinful Earth is fit to bring
Thou dost it all alone.

6 Little, and base, and mean,
And vile in mine own Eyes,
A Lump of Misery and Sin,
At thy Command I rise,
I rise at thy Command,
I answer to thy Call,
A Witness of thy Grace I stand,
Thy Grace which is for All.

7 O may I love like Thee,
And in thy Footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all Iniquity,
But Nothing Thou hast made:
O may I learn thy Art,
With Meekness to reprove,
To hate the Sin with all my Heart,
But still the Sinner love.

8 Increase (if that can be)
The perfect Hate I feel
To Satan's Hellish Deceit,
That genuine Child of Hell;
Which feigns Thee to pass by
The Most of Adam's Race,
And leave them in their Blood to die,
Shut out from Saving Grace.

9 To Most, as Devils, teach,
(Get thee behind me, Fiend!)
To Most thy Mercies never reach,
Whose Mercies never end!

" Millions of Souls thy Will
" Delighted to proclaim
" Inevitable Death to flee,
" And everlasting Pain.

10 In vain thy written Word
Bids All receive their Doom,
And offers All thy Grace:
Prophets, Apostles join,
And Saints and Angels call,
And CHRIST attests the Love Divine,
That sent Him down for All.

11 Yet still, alas! there are
Who give their God the Lye,
The Saviour of the World they dare
With all his Truths deny;
To God, the Just, they give,
" His *Secret* One ordain'd to kill,
" Whom his *Decla'd* bids live.

12 " The God of Truth commands
" All Sinners to repent,
" And mocks the Works of his own Hands,
" By what He never meant:
" Commands them to believe
" An unavailing Lye,
" Him for *their* Saviour to receive,
" For them who did not die.

13 Loving to every Man,
Did God, the Good and Just,
To damn one helpless Soul?
" He did from the Ground
(Hell hears from beneath)
" Spite of his Word, his Oath, his Mercy,
" He will have Sinners Dead.

14 Like as a Father feels
His suffering Children's Smart,
In God such kind Compassion dwells,
For All his Offspring are.
" *He loves his Little Ones,*
" (As *Satan* speaks) *so well,*
" *To dash their Brains against the Stones,*
" *And shut them up in Hell.*

15 " He gives them Burning Grief
" To ruin their Perverse high Heir,
" And makes his shrieking Children pals
" To *Moloch* through the Fire;
" He doom'd their Souls to Death
" From all Eternity:"
This is that Wisdom from beneath,
That HORRIBLE DECREE!

16 My Soul it harrows up,
It freezes all my Blood,
My tingling Ears I fain would stop
Against their Hellish God,
Constrain'd, alas! to hear
His Reprobating Roar,
And see Him horribly appear
All-stain'd with human Gore.

17 'Tis thus, Thou loving Lamb,
Thy Creatures picture Thee;
I blush to own my Nature's Shame,
That Nature's in me:
But let it not remain,
The dire Reproach efface;
Arise, O GOD, thy Truth maintain,
Thy all-redeeming Grace.

18 Defend thy Mercy's Cause!
Men have blaspheam'd their God,
Thrown down the Altar of thy Cross,
And trampled on thy Blood:

Thy Truth and Righteousness,
Their envious Schemes disprove,
And rob Thee of thy fav'rite Grace,
Thine Universal Love.

19 Ah! foolish Souls, and blind,
If your Report be true,
If Mercy is not unconfin'd,
What Mercy were for you!
Who all his Truth blaspheme,
Who all his Grace deny:
Fury, ye Worms, is not in Him,
Or He would you pass by.

20 Jesus, forgive the Wrong,
But O thy Foes restrain,
Silence the lewd, opprobrious Tongue,
That scourges Thee again.
They put Thee, Lord, to Shame,
Again to Death pursue:
Yet O forgive them, gentle Lamb,
They know not what they do.

21 Some Men of simple Heart
The Devil's Tale believe,
Beguil'd by the old Serpent's Art,
His Saying they receive:
For Fear of robbing Thee,
They rob Thee of thy Grace,
And (O good God) to prove it free,
Damn almost all the Race.

22 Pity their Simpleness,
O Saviour of Mankind,
Scatter the Clouds of Smoke that press
Their weak bewilder'd Mind;
Thro' other Gospel chace
To Hell, from whence it came;
And let them taste thy General Grace,
And let them know thy Name.

23 O all-redeeming LORD,
Our Common Friend and Head,
Thine everlasting Gospel-Word
In their behalf we plead!
If they have drank their Bane,
Do Thou the Death remove,
The ven'mous Thing drive out again
By Universal Love.

24 Let it not plunge their Soul
In all th'Extremes of Ill,
The fatal Mischief, LORD, controul,
Nor suffer it to kill;
Thou would'st that None should die,
O bring them back to GOD,
Thy sov'reign Antidote apply,
Thine all-atoning Blood.

25 Avenge us of our Foe,
And crush the Serpent's Head,
Nor longer suffer him to sow
On Earth the deadly Seed;
The Trampler on thy Grace,
Bruise him beneath our Feet,
To Hell the old Deceiver chace,
And seal the bounding Pit.

26 Then shall thy Saints rejoice,
The Song of Moses sing,
With Angel-Choirs lift up their Voice,
And praise their heavenly King:
" Th'Accuser is subdued,
" And put to endless Shame,
" Cast down by the all-cleansing Blood,
" Of the victorious Lamb.

HYMN XIII.

Why will ye die, O House of Israel,
Ezek. xviii. 31.

1 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your Being give,
Made you with Himself to live,
He the fatal Cause demands,
Asks the Work of his own Hands,
Why, ye thankless Creatures, why
Will ye cross his Love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
God, who did your Souls retrieve,
Died Himself that you might live:
Will you let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd Sinners, why
Will you slight his Grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
God, who all your Lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his Love;
Will you not the Grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-fought Sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in Sin,
Dead to God, while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second Death?

Will ye ſtill in Sin remain,
Greedy of eternal Pain?
O ye dying Sinners, why,
Why will you for ever die?

5 Let the Beaſts their Breath reſign,
Strangers to the Life Divine,
Who their GOD can never know,
Let their Spirit downward go:
Ye for higher Ends were born,
Ye may All to GOD return,
Live with Him above the Sky;
Why will you for ever die?

You, on whom He Favours ſhowers,
You, poſſeſt of nobler Powers,
You, of Reaſon's Powers poſſeſt,
You, with Will and Mem'ry bleſt,
You, with finer Senſe endu'd,
Creatures capable of GOD,
Nobleſt of his Creatures, why,
Why will you for ever die?

7 You, whom He ordain'd to be
Tranſcript of the Trinity,
You, whom He in Life doth hold,
You, for whom Himſelf was ſold,
You, on whom He ſtill doth wait,
Whom He would again create,
Made by Him, and purchas'd, why,
Why will you for ever die?

8 You, who own his Record true,
You, his Choſen People, you,
You, who call the Saviour LORD,
You, who read his written Word,
You, who ſee the Goſpel-Light,
Claim a Crown in JESU's Right,
Why will you, ye Chriſtians, why
Will the Houſe of *Iſrael* die?

You, his own peculiar Race,
Sharers of his special Grace,
All his Grace to you is given,
You, the Favourites of Heaven;
And will you unfaithful prove,
Trample on his richest Love?
Jesus asks the Reason, why,
Why will you resolve to die?

What could your Redeemer do,
More than He hath done for you?
To procure your Peace with God,
Could He more than shed his Blood?
After all his Wealth of Love,
All his Drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

Will you die, because his Grace
Cannot reach to all the Race?
Life because you cannot have,
You because He will not save?
Dare you say, He doth not call,
Doth not offer Life to All,
Doth not ask his Creatures, why,
Why will you resolve to die?

Saith He what He never meant,
Calls on all Men to repent,
Calls, while his Decree withstands,
Mocks the Work of his own Hands!
Will you die because you must?
Dare you make your God unjust?
He would have you live; O why,
Why will you resolve to die?

Turn, He cries, ye Sinners turn,
By his Life your God hath sworn
He would have you turn, and live,
He would all the World receive;

Late in thy Light to see,
And thankful find for this Grace,
Saviour of all Men come to Thee,

Lord, I believe at last.

5 Not One, we All
But
With Thee
The Friend of Human-kind,
Thee every Soul may see.

Renounce thy saving Love,
Confirm the Manner of Death,
Of Universal Love.

6 Thou
Thou
Wouldst gather every Soul of Man,
But we, alas! *would not*
Thou offerest All to All,
For thy own Mercies sake,
" Come, freely come, whoever
" And living Water take.

7 Thou standest at the Door,
And will not silence break?
But Entrance ever dost implore
Into the Sinner's Heart.
Thy Knock if any hear,
And open to his Guest,
Thou enterest in that Soul to sup,
And art Thyself its Feast.

8 The
Thy Grace for All is free,
Thou wilt in no-wise cast him out,
Who feebly comes to Thee.
Thou dost of us complain,
" To Me ye will not come,
" That ye eternal Life may gain,
" And then be taken Home."

9 That All may find Life;
Thou hast
And
" Why
" Pardon
LORD, I believe at last
Thy Promise
Thy Word and
And Thou

10 At last I yield
Thee every
Renounce
By all thy Attributes
I give up my Despair
Of Universal
O how have I belied
My GOD,

6 Thou wilt not live
Thou
When I would

11 Thy Goodness I
(Pardon the Blasphemy)
Of Life thy Prophet
" Come,
And
How long have I, how long
Of GOD a Devil made!
Forgive me, gracious LORD,
I knew not what I

12 I now believe in Thee
Thy
Compassion
According to my Faith to me
O let it be,
In me is all the Bar,
Which Thou wouldst
8 Remove it, and I shall
That GOD is only Love,

13 Thy Mercy then takes Place,
We find that Love
When we no more
" To Me
" That ye
And harden
" And then be

O work in me so will!

14

My Portion

Thy only Stamp of Love.

Then kindle in my Soul a Fire,

15

Thine Image, Love, thy Name impress,

Bowels of Mercy, hear,

Into my Soul come down,

16

O plant in me thy Mind!

O fix in me thy Home!

So shall I cry to all Mankind,

Come to the Waters,

To All his Bowels moved

Had not the

HYMN

FREE GRACE.

COME, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy Mighty Sword,
Our Prayer attend;
Come, and thy People bless,
And give our Restless Spirits Peace;
Move, and reign in this Congregation,
Command the Peace, send Salvation.

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy Sacred Witness bear
In this glad Hour:
Thou Source of Light Divine,
And fill our Hearts with Joy and Love,
Purge our Eyes with Celestial Fire,
That we may all see and praise the Lord.

Thou Blessed Unity,
Blessed Trinity,
We worship Thee;
Send the Good Spirit down
With Water and the Blood,
To bring Forth Thine Elect to God,
And quicken Us that we may live,
And Thee, Our Father, glorify.

Three in One,
Make good what Thou hast done;
Fill up thy Work begun;
Our Weakness strengthen,
Our Prayer hear,
Give us Thy Heart and Mind to bear,
Open our Eyes, our Ears incline,
And let us Taste the Power Divine.

We never had one Motion known
To Seek the Lord Unless Thou first
Hadst shown
The Way to Us, and made us Move
To Find Thy Face, and Prove
Thy Perfect Will, Thy Acceptable,
And Good, and Blessed Pleasure.

Thou Hidden Love of God,
Whose Height, whose Depth unknown,
And Length beyond the Realms of Day,
Surpasses Mortal Thought,
Let all Thy Glories pass before,
Proclaim Thy Name, Thy Mighty Power,
Thy Gracious Nature make us Prove,
And Shew us all Thy Heart of Love

2 'Tis not by Works that we have done,
'Twas Grace
'Twas Grace
To taste of Death

3 For every Man He tasted Death;
And hence we in his sight appear,
Not lifting up our Eyes beneath,
But publishing his Mercy here.

4 This is the Ground of all our Hopes,
The Fountain this of all our Good,
Jesus for All was lifted up,
And shed for All his precious Blood.

5 His Blood for All a Ransom gave,
Has wash'd away the General Sin,
He clos'd his Eyes to open Heaven,
And All, who will, may enter in.

6 He worketh once to will in All,
Or Mercy we could ne'er embrace,
He calls with an effectual Call,
And bids us All receive his Grace.

7 Thou drawest all Men unto Thee,
Grace doth in every Soul appear,
Preventing Grace for All is free,
And brings to All Salvation near.

8 Had not thy Grace Salvation brought,
Thyself we never could desire;
Thy Grace suggests our first good Thought,
Thy only Grace doth All inspire.

9 By Nature only free to Ill,
We never had one Motion known
Of Good, had not thou first given the Will,
And wrought in us by Grace alone.

11 'Twas Grace, when we in Sin were dead,
Us from the Depth of Sin did raise;
By Grace we only hold the Difference made,
By Grace we are, and sing thy Praise,
By Grace we now thy Grace declare.

12 When on thy Love we turn'd our Back,
Thou couldst not hate thy Mercy's Power,
The Fortune Thou couldst not revoke,
Thy Grace did fill Love's Scale full o'er.

13 When twice ten thousand Times we fell,
Thou gav'st us still a longer Space,
That Grace hath our Backslidings heal'd,
And shew'dst thy more abundant Grace.

14 'Twas Grace from Hell that brought us up,
Lo! at thy Sovereign Grace we bow,
Thro' Sovereign Grace we still have Hope,
Thy Sovereign Grace supports us now.

15 Grace only doth from Sin restrain,
From which our Nature cannot cease,
By Grace we still thy Grace retain,
And wait to feel thy perfect Peace.

16 Kept by the Mercy of our God,
Thro' Faith to full Salvation's Flood,
Jesu, we spread thy Name abroad,
And glorify thy gracious Power.

17 The constant Miracle we own,
By which we every Moment live,
To Grace, to thy Free-Grace alone,
The Whole of our Salvation give.

18 Strongly upheld by thy Right-Hand,
Thy all-redeeming Love we praise,
The Monuments of thy Grace we stand,
Thy Free, thine Universal Grace.

18 By Grace we live, and move, and are,
By Grace we now thy Grace declare.

19 From the foul Depths of Sin and Hell,
To where the Throne of Grace is seen,
'Tis all of Grace we pass thro' Earth to Heaven.

20 We need no Reprobates to prove
That Grace is free,
Who cannot see that God is Love,
Open your Eyes, and look on me.

21 On us, whom Jesus hath call'd forth,
T'assert that All his Grace may have,
To vindicate his Passion's Worth,
Enough ten thousand Worlds to save.

22 He made it possible for All
His Gift of Righteousness to embrace,
We All may answer to his Call,
May All be freely sav'd by Grace.

23 He promis'd all Mankind to draw,
We feel Him draw us from above,
And preach with Him the gracious Law,
And publish the DECREE OF LOVE.

24 Behold the all-atoning Lamb,
Come, Sinners, at the Gospel Call,
Look, and be sav'd thro' Jesu's Name,
We witness He hath died for All.

25 We join with all our Friends above,
The God of our Salvation praise,
The God of Everlasting Love,
The God of Universal Grace.

GLORIA PATRI.

1 FAther, whose Everlasting Love
Drawst every Sinner from above,
And points him to th' atoning Blood
Thou all the World wouldst freely save,
If All thy Record would believe,
That Thou hast CHRIST on All bestow'd:
Saviour of All, to Thee we bow,
The Universal Saviour, Thou
Thy Gift of Life to All wouldst give:
'Tis we that make thine Offers vain,
We force thy Pity to complain,
"Ye will not come to Me, and live."

2 Thee, Spirit of Love, we gladly praise,
Who striveſt long with all the Race;
We own thine universal Lure:
Had He accepted of thine Aid,
The blackeſt Soul in Hell had made
His Calling and Election ſure,
Joint Cauſes of our glorious Hope,
To Thee our Thanks we offer up,
Of thy Free Grace we make our Boaſt,
On Angels and Archangels call,
Praiſe ye the Lamb that died for All,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

3 FAther of our dear Loſs,
Thy Mercy we record,
Over all thy Works it ſhone,
Mercy freely Thee inclin'd
Mercy gave thine only Son,
Death to taſte for all Mankind.

O Lamb, for Sinners slain,
For every Soul of Man.

Thou for all Men lifted up,
Drawest all Men unto Thee:
Glory be to Christ, our Hope!
All the World *may* hope in Thee.

3 Thee, Holy Ghost, we praise,
Giver of General Grace,
Preacher Thou to Spirits bound,
Dost for harden'd Sinners grieve,
Those who while He may be found,
Will not come to God, and live.

4 Blessing and Praise to Thee,
All-glorious Trinity!
Live by all thy Works ador'd,
All below and All above,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
God of Grace, and God of Love.

III.

1 Father of Mankind, whose Love
In Christ for All is free,
Thou hast sent Him from above
To bring us All to Thee;
Thou hast every Heart inclin'd
Christ the Saviour to embrace,
All those heavenly Drawings find,
All *may* be sav'd by Grace.

2 Christ, the true and living Light,
Thou shinest into All,
Lightest every Son of Night
That fell in Adam's Fall.
Bear we Witness unto Thee,
Thou thy Light to All dost give,
That the World thro' it *may* see
Their Saviour, and believe.

3 Holy Ghoſt, all-quickning Fire,
Thou giveſt Faith his Day;
Doſt one Spark of Unbelief
In every Gift convey;
Not to aggravate his Sin,
Not his ſecret Bosom to find,
But that he may let Thee in,
And all thy Fulneſs feel.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
All Glory be to Thee,
The whole World of Sinners loſt
To ſave Thou doſt agree:
Thee triumphantly we praiſe,
Vie with all thy Hoſts above,
Shout thine Univerſal Grace,
Thine Everlaſting Love.

IV.

PRaiſe God, from whom pure Bleſſings flow,
Whoſe Bowels yearn on All below,
Who would not have one Sinner loſt:
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!

V.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Who ſweetly All agree
To ſave a World of Sinners loſt,
Eternal Glory be.

FINIS.

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